

The Musical World

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT NOON.

No. 40.—Vol. XX.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1845.

{PRICE THREEPENCE
{STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

Letters on the Bonn Festival.

No. VI.

To Desmond Ryan, Esq.

Spa, August 26.

MY DEAR RYAN,

The second concert took place at four o'clock on the evening of the 12th, so that we had just time to dine and proceed to the Beethoven Hall, which was crowded even more than at the first concert, owing to the immense number of persons who had arrived in order to be present at the Inauguration in the morning. It was interesting to observe, as we threaded the thronged streets, the endless effigies of Beethoven that adorned the windows of almost every shop we passed. If you would eat, you must needs devour a *Beethoven*, in gingerbread, in paste, in sugar, or in jelly—if you would smoke, you must smoke a colored semblance of the great composer in the shape of a porcelain pipe—if you would drink, you must drink out of a *Beethoven* cup—in short, no matter what your immediate inclination, you must perforce gratify it in the presence of a dumb *Beethoven*. But no one complained of this—and indeed nothing could have been more *apropos*. When I arrived at the Beethoven Hall Spohr had already mounted the conductor's *rostrum*, saluted by a grand flourish of drums and trumpets from the orchestra and the general acclamations of the audience. It is quite true (if not quite just) that, as Janin observes in his second letter, the orchestra seemed impatient of other control than Spohr's, and threw as many stumbling blocks in the way of Liszt as they could possibly do without giving direct offence to the fiery Hungarian. Nevertheless, to the surprise of many, Liszt winked at the evident discourtesy, and by quietude and resolution accomplished his duties as conductor so admirably as to surprise even his warmest admirers, who had no more idea of his possessing the peculiar talent of directing an orchestra than of his displaying so thorough a knowledge of instrumentation as is evinced in the scoring of his *Cantata*, which, I can assure you, astonished me and others not a little. But, to proceed with the second concert—here is an English version of the programme:—

FIRST PART.

CONDUCTOR DR. SPOHR.

OVERTURE, *Coriolanus* Beethoven.

CANON (*Fidelio*) Beethoven.

CONCERTO in E flat—*pianoforte*—Dr. Liszt. . . . Beethoven.

INTRODUCTION, *Mount of Olives* Beethoven.

SECOND PART

CONDUCTOR DR. LISZT.

SYMPHONY in C minor Beethoven.

QUARTET in E flat, two violins, tenor, and

violin-cello, No. 10 Beethoven.

FINALE to the second act of *Fidelio* Beethoven.

The most violent decryers of the Beethoven Festival could not find a fault with this programme, which was all "Beethoven" and of the best. The "*Coriolanus*," the finest of Beethoven's overtures, was very admirably rendered, though the level construction of the orchestra robbed the instruments of half their power. The *Canon* from *Fidelio* did not produce its wonted effect—the vocalists were Demoiselles Tüscheke and Sachs, Herrn Staudigl and Weber. Herr Weber, from Cologne, deserves especial mention for his admirable training and direction of the choruses, which were entirely under his care throughout the rehearsals and concerts of the *Fête*. On this occasion he undertook the part in the *Canon* which had been allotted to Herr Mantius, a tenor of considerable repute in Germany, who was detained at Castle Brühl, in the service of the King of Prussia. By the way, the King of Prussia has been much praised by the French and English journals for his munificent reception of Queen Victoria—but I have not seen one journal wherein he is rated for the very little deference he paid to Beethoven. Herr Mantius was set down for all the important tenor parts in the two concerts, and in the mass at the Cathedral—moreover, at the rehearsal of the second concert he produced a great impression on all the artists present, by his fine delivery of the recitative at the commencement of the *Mount of Olives*. Notwithstanding this, he was not allowed by H. M. the King of Prussia to be present at any of the concerts, nor at the performance of High Mass in the Cathedral, under pretext of his services being required at the Court. His place was supplied by an amateur of slight vocal pretensions,

who kindly undertook the duties of first tenor at an instant's notice. The recitative in the *Mount of Olives* was however a task of too great difficulty, and the result was its omission altogether from the programme, which to those who had listened to Herr Mantius at the rehearsal, when he was applauded in a marked manner by Dr. Spohr himself, proved a matter of no slight disappointment. Thus a Festival in honor of the great Beethoven was seriously injured in the solo vocal department, for the sake of a few evening parties at Court—none of which, be it observed, could have begun until long after the termination of the concerts. But Herr Mantius would be fatigued and unable to sing to Queen Victoria with sufficient vigor and freshness—and so the music of the giant Beethoven was condemned to be mangled because a tenor singer might be tired and a Court *soirée* deprived of an indifferent ballad. Really his Majesty of Prussia, albeit he shook hands so cordially with Berlioz, Jules Janin, and other musical and literary notabilities, at an evening party, and albeit he conversed so fluently and laughed so readily (not always in the right place), and did other matters so much to the satisfaction of his guests, deserves a sharp word of reproach for his unceremonious treatment of the greatest genius to which Prussia has ever given birth. However the hearts of Kings are inscrutable, and their actions frequently mysterious.

The concerto in E flat, the *cheval de bataille* of all the Beethoven pianists, fared nobly in the hands of Liszt. It is almost as superogatory to speak now of the merits of Liszt's pianoforte playing as of the beauties of the composition he interpreted. I shall merely, in answer to the abuses of sundry of his quondam friends, who feasted and lived at his expense (not for the first time), give a direct denial to their statements in regard to his manner of rendering the concerto on this occasion. Instead of altering and exaggerating *almost every passage*, he altered but few, and exaggerated none. Instead of giving way to gestures and affectations of manner, he was remarkably quiet and unassuming. In short, I never heard him play in better style—with more of the air of a master and less of the grimace of an *etudiant*. There were a few instances of what, in my humble opinion, might be called mistakes of the composer's meaning, but these were totally eclipsed by the bold, animated, brilliant, and musician-like style of the general performance, which, at the end of each solo, and at its final close, was applauded with enthusiasm, and the pianist was recalled three times to receive new plaudits. The only thing that surprised me was that Liszt—a thing unusual with him—played from *book*—yet when we reflect on the turmoil and fatigue to which he had been exposed, day after day, by the blunders of the committee and the importunity of visitors and applicants for favors of every kind, it is matter for admiration that he could play at all—much more that he could play with energy and *aplomb*. However, Liszt may laugh at his detractors. In the estimation of

those who think rightly and without prejudice he has covered himself with honor by his exertions in aid of the Beethoven Festival, which but for him might never have taken place. I attempt not to defend his faults, if he have any—which, since he is human and has been much flattered, is not impossible—but where praise can be so justly given it is unfair to withhold it. The question whether Liszt was the proper person to play so conspicuous a part in the proceedings at Bonn cannot be separated from the fact of his having been the chief promoter of them—and you might as well forbid an artist to play at his own concert, on the score of incapability, as forbid Liszt to figure at his own festival, on the score of unclassicality. Many who did not give a penny towards the proceedings (nor care, perhaps, much more for the memory of Beethoven) cried out in a fit of classical indignation—“And so, forsooth, because I give ten thousand francs, &c. I have a right to play at the Beethoven Festival—at which rate *anybody* who gives ten thousand francs may play—faugh!—that the *great dead* should be thus desecrated!” But the danger was easily avoided, for *nobody* except Liszt gave ten thousand francs, and as Liszt happens to be a tolerable pianist the desecration to the “great dead” was not so terrible after all. The boobies! Why a seat in parliament has been bought for less money than Liszt gave towards the Beethoven fund, and he who sat in the seat was a fool. Liszt, who purchased his seat *at the piano* so dearly, will hardly be called a fool even by his enemies.

In the introduction to the “*Mount of Olives*” Dlle. Tüschek highly distinguished herself. This young lady wants but few requisites to win her a place among the best vocalists. Nature has been bountiful and art has not been idle in her favor. She has a *soprano* voice of extensive range and fine quality, a clear articulation, a graceful delivery, and a style in all respects musicianly. The usual German *heaviness* of execution, and occasional coldness, are her only drawbacks. Dlle. Tüschek is evidently, moreover, an artist of intelligence—her manners and conversation bespeak the accomplished lady—and, in short, she has so much within herself to aid and emulate her that I shall be much surprised if she do not shortly attain very high distinction. Herr Mantius not being present the opening recitative of the introduction was omitted, and Dlle. Tüschek had all the honors and applause to herself. The symphony in C minor was, on the whole, an excellent performance. Liszt conducted with spirit, and a manifest comprehension of the score—which as he knows the symphony by heart is not to be wondered at. The *tempi* of the various movements, however, appeared to me to be taken too slow, especially in the *Finale*—but Spohr, Moscheles, and Sir George Smart (three excellent authorities) assured me that I was wrong, and that I had been accustomed to hear them in London too fast—to which as my opinion was based purely on feeling I had nothing to reply. The quartet in E flat was performed by Herrn Hart-

mann, Derkum, Weber, and Breuer, four artists from Cologne. I never listened to greater perfection of style and execution—the London “Beethoven Society” would have been in raptures—doubtless Mr. Robinson, secretary of that society, who was present and warmly expressed his approval, will render an account of this admirable specimen of quartet playing from Cologne. It is worthy of remark that the best part of the chorus, nearly all the band, and many of the soloists were from Cologne. Herr Hartmann was the first violin of the orchestra on every occasion, and in the *violin obligato* air, in the Mass in D, highly distinguished himself at the first concert. Nothing was lost in his person as *primo violino*—and though many regretted that the celebrated Vieuxtemps had not accepted the invitation of the committee, to lead the orchestra and play a solo at the “Artists’ Concert,” they were greatly consoled for his absence by the talent and competency of Herr Hartmann, who supplied his place. I have already mentioned the chorus master, Herr Weber, with becoming respect. He also was from Cologne—so that the city of the Three Kings bore no unimportant part in the Beethoven Festival—to say nothing of its affording shelter and lodging to more than half the visitors who could not be housed at Bonn. The *Finale* to the second act of *Fidelio* was irreproachable in regard to the orchestra and chorus (the latter especially), but not so satisfactory in regard to the *obligato* vocalists. However more than half the audience had already taken their departure long before it commenced. The Queen of England was to be at Cologne that same night—the boat started at six, and those who liked not to mix with the thousands who thronged the railway station at half-past seven, were anxious to be in time for the more select and aristocratic *bateau à vapeur*. Moreover, illuminations and fireworks, and what not, were anticipated, and though it rained “cats and dogs,” half the world were off to Cologne. I did not go, being no great amateur of such matters, but stayed at Bonn, and as the weather cleared up a little, walked out as far as the *Minster-place*, and looked at the new-born statue of the great Beethoven, and amused myself for nearly two hours with the abortive attempts of a party of students to display its grim dimensions, to the multitude of weather-defying strollers, in sudden flashes of fire—blue, red, and yellow. Ever and anon the statue was half lighted up—but the dampness of the ground, and the incessant rain spoiled all the sport. I cannot enter into the high opinion of many persons in favor of this statue. It has great merit as a work of art, beyond doubt—but there is a sullen dullness, a gloomy torpidity, about the expression of the features, which could never have possibly existed in those of the author of *Fidelio*. I can perceive no *enthusiasm* in the countenance, no indication of genius, no poetic fire—the

chief expression is an unmeaning frown, which influences the whole countenance most unfavourably. At all events my own idea of Beethoven is so much more agreeable, that I will not have it beaten out of me by all the statues and portraits in the world. It is a curious fact that among the great artists Beethoven was precisely the one who was never to be caught in a *pose*, or attitude—he was too great and too natural to give way to the tricks of mediocrity—and yet something possessed all the limners who have mimicked him, on stone or canvas, to rob him of his simplicity of character, and place him in every variety of outrageous *pose*. It is chiefly for the *pose* that I dislike the statue of Bonn. Why have clad his noble forehead in a scowl, to remind the world that he was unhappy? Why not rather have given his face the impression of those hours of inspiration which have filled the world with beautiful melody—those hours during which he must perforce have been happy? I also paid a visit to two houses, in both of which Beethoven was born—according to the statement of the present occupants. The conclusion I arrived at was that he was born at neither. Bonn, no less than Cologne, was illuminated and fire-worked that night, and so I had my share of the “show,” without incurring the danger of being upset on the railway, sunk with the steam-boat, or trampled to death by the crowd. And so after my stroll I went home to bed—and Kenny, my *companion de voyage*, sleeping at Cologne that night, I had time and opportunity for solitary rumination—and as I jumped into bed, and began to reflect that all in this world is vanity, I fell asleep—and I dreamed all night of what you shall not know.

The next morning, Wednesday the 13th, up early, breakfast quick, and off to the concert of artists, or *Kunstler Konzert*, at nine o'clock—an hour unknown to England in musical matters. But then there was to be a grand banquet of all the artists, journalists, contentists, malecontentists, and otherists, congregated at Bonn—and so, for the sake of the dinner, we must get speedily rid of the music. As I entered, and was re-acting my usual struggle, and dispute, and stratagem, &c. to obtain a good place near the orchestra—for Madame Playel was to play and the seats near the orchestra were at a premium—I saw Rakeman, who was in England with Ernst in the season of 1844. He also, being an artist of merit, was “making tail” among the mob. We had only time for a hasty recognition and were pushed aside by the impertinent *gamins* of Bonn, who had doffed their *costume de chasseurs*, and assumed the new disguise of *gentlemen* in plain attire. However, “in spite of their teeth,” we both found ourselves close to the orchestra, before the concert commenced. I must inform you that this concert had nothing to do with Beethoven, the programme, as you will see, being entirely miscellaneous. I give it you in pure German—a *fac-simile*.

Beethoven-Fest.

Huntzler - Konzert.

Mittwoch den 13. August.

Morgens 9 Uhr.

- 1) Festkantate von Fr. Liszt.
- 2) Solo für das Violoncelle, vorgetragen von Herrn Ganz.
- 3) Die Theilung der Erde von J. Haydn, gesungen von Herrn Staudigl.
- 4) Arie von Mendelssohn, gesungen von Fräulein Schloss.
- 5) Clavierkonzert von C. M. von Weber, vorgetragen von Madame Pleyel.
- 6) Arie aus „Cosi fan tutti“ gesungen von Fräulein Tuzcek.
- 7) Männerchor von L. van Beethoven.
- 8) Arie aus „Fidelio“ gesungen von Fräulein Novello.
- 9) Die „Loreley“ komponirt von Fr. Liszt, gesungen von H. Götze.
- 10) Concert für die Violine, komponirt und vorgetragen von Herrn Möser.
- 11) „Adelaide“ gesungen von Fräulein Kratky.
- 12) Solo für das Violoncelle, vorgetragen von Herrn Franco-Mendes.
- 13) Arie aus „Faust“ gesungen von Fräulein Sachs.
- 14) Ouverture zu „Egmont.“

In compliment to Liszt, the royal party indicated their intention of attending this concert, and so (when the *Cantata* was concluded) the Queen of England, the Prince Albert, the King and Queen of Prussia, and respective *suites*, arrived one hour and a half after the time fixed for the commencement of the concert. Reserved seats were placed for them near the orchestra, at the left extremity of the Hall, as you enter. The programme, to suit the convenience of the royal party, who had but a short time to stay, was turned topsyturvy. The *Cantata* of Liszt was, by command, repeated. My impression of this composition is decidedly favourable. It is in the modern German style—by which do not understand Mendelssohn or Spohr, but Lindpaintner or Wagner—and is, I think as good a work of its kind as nine out of ten of the present composers of Germany could have written. It is in E major—consisting of an introduction involving many solos and recitatives, a slow movement from one of Beethoven's pianoforte trios arranged for orchestra and voices, and a *coda* resuming the original theme further developed and climaxed. The instrumentation is exceedingly brilliant, remarkably clear, and displays many bold and successful attempts at novelty. The voicing for the choir is admirable, and there is enough *idea*, both of melody and harmony in the composition, to authorise the opinion expressed by many distinguished artists present—that when Liszt ceased to be pro-

fessedly a pianist he would become a composer. I strongly hold with this opinion, but must premise that it is solely founded on my appreciation of the one solitary *Cantata*. The *Cantata* was well played and well received, but neither so well played nor so well received as its own merits and the exertions of its composer had deserved. After the *Cantata* we had the overture to *Egmont* well performed, under Spohr's direction—the “*Adelaida*,” indifferently sung by a Mdle. Kratky, though accompanied by Liszt—a violoncello solo by Herr Ganz, in which the “*Fin che dal vino*,” from Mozart's *Don Juan*, was introduced in the style and tempo of a psalm-tune—the *Concert-stück* of Weber, interpreted to admiration by Madame Pleyel—an air from *Fidelio*, carefully and chastely delivered by our own Sabilla Novello—a violin fantasia by Moeser, on airs from *Der Freischütz*, to the last degree tiresome and meaningless—a fine recitative and air by Mendelssohn, which you have heard in London, splendidly vocalised by Mdle. Schloss—and another violoncello fantasia, by a certain Franco Mendez, which succeeded in driving all the audience out of the concert-room. If there was any thing else, I know not, for I could not with the best good will, manage to sit out the second bass solo. The royal party departed immediately after Sabilla Novello's air, which was listened to, I presume, in compliment to her being a well-known English artist, and in deference to the Queen of England, who was present.

The feature which redeemed this medley of uninteresting performances from insignificance (I allude to the *instrumental* displays, chiefly), was the *Concert-stück*, performed by Madame Pleyel. Much as I had heard of this lady's talent, it fairly surpassed all my expectations. Being accustomed to the *mannerism* of our great modern pianists, the quiet, unassuming demeanor of Madame Pleyel led me insensibly into the conviction that I should hear nothing extraordinary. The audience seemed to share my opinion, for, as she took her seat at the pianoforte, there was scarcely a hand of recognition. During the first thirty or forty bars this apathy continued, and the fair pianist seemed to understand and disdain it, as if conscious of her power to rouse enthusiasm when she pleased. Nothing could have been more *apropos*, more charming, than the *nonchalance* with which she delivered the introduction—playing with it as an infant with a newly acquired toy. Soon, however, she aroused from this disdainful torpor, and as she glided into the *Allegro Apassionato*, the great artist became gradually manifest, and the interest of the hearers proportionately increased. The rapidity and certainty with which she executed this portion of the *concert-stück* were astounding—but it was not till the *Finale* that she entirely displayed her power, and here she was interrupted incessantly by exclamations of delight, and at the conclusion by such a shout of general enthusiasm as I never before heard in a concert room—and indeed no wonder, for her performance exhibited

the utmost mechanical perfection united to every charm of style and expression that the most fastidious musician could desire—a rare combination, that cannot be sufficiently encouraged and rewarded. Thus did Madame Pleyel triumph over the apathy of her audience—thus did she remunerate them for their patience in listening to some of the preceding *morceaux*. The Royal Party were evidently enchanted, and between H. M. of Prussia and H. R. H. Prince Albert it was who should applaud the loudest. I shall speak of the grand dinner in my next, having yet much more to say of the festival.

I am so pleased with this lovely spot that I mean to stay here yet three days. Probably you will hear from me again before I quit. Liszt has given a concert here, and is staying at the Hotel de Flandres, where also are Janin and his wife. Janin has written a most charming letter to the *Debats* about Spa, of which he has given me the manuscript—I promise you some extracts. I regret to say that Liszt is not yet quit of the jaundice—he is too fidgetty and restless to “lay up” for a time, and yet without such regimen, I am apprehensive it will not leave him. More of Spa and other matters in my next—until then, my dear Ryan,

Your's as ever,

J. W. D.

P.S.—I read, in the *Wiener Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, a most absurd attack upon Jules Janin, for having been among the most vociferous of the applauders of Madame Pleyel on the occasion of her performance at Bonn. I presume that Janin applauded, for the same reason as myself, and a hundred others, simply because we were charmed with the talent of the fair pianist. It is rather hard upon Madame Pleyel, that because nature has endowed her with a handsome person as well as a fine talent, that all her success as an artist must be traced to her attractions as a woman. I cannot refrain from citing here her reply to a popular pianist in Paris, who, jealous, perhaps of the enthusiasm she excited at one of her concerts, asked her how she managed to bring down such applause—“*Est ce que vous avez fait ça avec vos beaux yeux?*” to which Madame Pleyel replied—“*Non, Monsieur, seulement j'ai taché de jouer un peu moins bêtement que vous.*” The writer in the Vienna Paper is one August Schmidt, a great ally of Thalberg, and a great opponent of Leopold de Meyer. It is the general opinion that Meyer might smooth down the abuse of this August Schmidt with the assistance of a few *écus* of the realm—the experiment having been tried ere this. I merely speak on hearsay—knowing and desiring to know nothing of the man. Jules Janin occupies a position too high to admit of his noticing any thing so obscure.

Liverpool Philharmonic Society.

(From the Liverpool Mail.)

The third full dress concert for the season was well attended as usual, on the evening of Thursday week. There was a very full programme, which, however, we are unable to give or to notice at length, in our present number. The

principal attraction was Madame Rossi Caccia, a lady who has gained much celebrity on the continent, especially at the opera of Lisbon, and who did not disappoint the high expectations which had been formed in Liverpool of her merits. She has an exceedingly fine voice, the higher notes especially being silvery and flute-like, and enjoys the power of very brilliant and graceful execution. Her singing the “*Souvenire d'un jeune âge*” of Herold, was one of the most chaste, delicate, and feeling pieces of vocalism we ever had the pleasure of listening to, and drew forth, as it deserved, a hearty and enthusiastic encore. The “*Una voce poco fa*” of Rossini, she gave rather slower than is the custom, but in a perfectly original style, and with an immense deal of floriture, playing upon her higher notes—we believe E—with wonderful facility and sweetness. Her lower notes we do not so much admire, but altogether, her presence was delightful, and though she was hardly worked, the favourable impression which she made at the commencement was continued to the close. Signora Brambilla did not appear to advantage, though evidently an accomplished *artiste*, and possessing a good contralto voice. The upper notes were clear enough, and she sang with a good deal of animation and judgment, but, whether from cold or natural influences we know not, she enunciated the lower notes with seeming difficulty and very trivial effect. Signor Moriani was subject to a similar remark. He seems to be imbued with plenty of feeling, and to have acquired a perfect knowledge of his art, but at times, though exhibiting a sufficiency of intensity of the Duprez character, his voice was harsh and apparently insecure. Brambilla's most pleasing specimen, the “*Il Segreto*” of Donizetti, was encored. Mademoiselle Rosetti, who had been announced, was unexpectedly prevented attending by indisposition, but her place in two of the concerted pieces was very ably supplied by Miss Stott and Madame Rossi Caccia—one or two encores being elicited, chiefly by the excellence of their performances. Signor Gallinari, who accompanied some of the songs on the piano-forte, sung in one of the trios—the “*Ridiamo*” of Rossini, which was encored, and in Rossini's “*Carità*”—but was not put prominently forward. Signor Puzzi also favoured us with two short pieces on the horn, in his usual soft and impressive style; the second in particular, comprising the airs “When other lips,” “We may be happy yet,” and “Woman's heart,” from Balfe's opera, being much admired. The instrumentalists belonging to the society—conducted as heretofore by Mr. Hermann, with Mr. H. Aldridge as leader, and Mr. W. Sudlow as organist—played with great precision, expression, and spirit, Weber's overture to *Oberon*, and Mozart's overture to *Zauberflöte*; and the vocal members, with their accompaniments, gave with good effect Beethoven's beautiful chorus “Susceptible hearts,” from the *Ruins of Athens*; and Weber's chorus “Now all that love daylight,” from *Preciosa*. The audience appeared to be greatly gratified.

Manchester Philharmonic Institute.

THE TWO GRAND ANNUAL CONCERTS.

(From the Manchester Times.)

“The Philharmonic Institute (says the directors' report, just published) was founded for the purpose of increasing the love of music, and diffusing a knowledge of it amongst the working classes, and thus to add to the number of the inno-

cent amusements of the people, and afford an additional guarantee for continued social and moral improvement. The means for effecting these desirable results may be divided into those which consist in giving actual instruction to the working classes in the knowledge of music, and those which add to the enjoyment and refine the taste of the masses by musical entertainments of a superior character, and on an extensive and liberal scale. The Philharmonic Institute is essentially a philanthropic society, anxiously endeavouring, by every legitimate means, to bring all classes, not omitting the poorest, into a participation in the soothing and elevating influences of this divine art. From these remarks the directors desire to urge the double claim which the institute has upon all, especially upon the wealthy and influential classes of this town and neighbourhood. In supporting by their subscriptions this institute, they materially contribute to the comfort and happiness of their poorer fellow-townsmen, and at the same time receive a direct benefit in the shape of concerts of a very superior character. There is another important feature in the institute which is deserving of especial attention: it is that of providing the public with music of a high character by the most celebrated singers at home and abroad, and which has hitherto been inaccessible to the working classes from its costliness. The idea of holding a grand musical festival annually for this purpose, and for the benefit of the funds of the institute, has been long entertained by your committee."

Here, then, we have, in the directors' own words, the history of the origin and object of these grand annual concerts, the first experiment of which we have now briefly to speak of. Sorry, indeed, are we that the introductory concert should have been accompanied with the unfortunate accident which took place during the performance; we mean the giving way of an upper room behind the scenes, (the particulars are set forth in several journals), but these are casualties which no foresight can always guard against, and, though it of course threw a damp over the later performances of the first evening, and may to some extent have affected the pecuniary results of the two concerts, we do not see that the directors are to be at all discouraged by such an untoward beginning. The two striking features in the programmes, are first, the high character of the vocalists engaged, constituting the most accomplished vocal quartet now in England, or, perhaps, in Europe; and the light and brilliant character of the selections, which at once are highly creditable to the taste of the directors, and admirably calculated to exhibit the powers of the performers under the happiest aspect. We take some shame upon ourselves that we missed a large portion of Tuesday's concert, and can only speak of it, therefore, in brief and general terms; but the little we heard was of the most satisfactory kind.

Grisi is a sort of perennial—ever blooming, and ever charming in the graceful intricacies of modern Italian song. Her executive powers appear to us to be fully equal to what they have ever been. She delivers the most elaborate and ornate passages with a fluent grace and artistical skill which at once defies and disarms objection. Her impassioned scenes have an irresistible force; and the arch impression of her lighter efforts is in the best vein of comedy. Her voice—and here gallantry and our duty as most impeccable critics are in sad antagonism—does bear the evidence of much exercise, and of—what shall we say?—waning youthfulness: it is losing somewhat of its roundness of volume, and the exquisite mellowness of its quality; but *that* is entirely for-

gotten in the perfection of her other vocal attributes. Mario is perhaps the most graceful and delicious tenor now on the boards. He has not the withering energy of Duprez, the quiet intensity of Moriani, or the wonderful flexibility of Rubini; but he is the personification of beauty and gracefulness—he is the Apollo of vocal music; and if that tuneful divinity should at any time think proper to leave his Delphic abode for a brief sojourn among the sons of men—perhaps he may be tempted ere long by one of the cheap railway trips from the moon or Mount Parnassus—he will assuredly assume the person and attributes of Signor Mario. Frederick Lablache has a fine, pure bass voice of much power and compass; and his taste is of the highest kind. The elder Lablache is *sui generis*—none but himself can be his parallel; and he fairly sets our small stock of similes at defiance. He is a very *Falstaff* in dimensions, and rich, oily humour; he is *Figaro* musically embodied, in his lighter touches of comedy; he has a stock of genuine pathos; and when he has to contend against the combined orchestral and choral elements, he is *Boreas* himself thrice personified. Besides the above, Benedict was engaged to conduct, as being familiar with the styles of performance of the vocalists named, and himself an able man; and there was a band which, though not large, was composed, with but few exceptions, of the *élite* of the town, under the able leadership of our friend and old favourite, Mr. C. A. Seymour. The chorus was that of the institute itself, and the whole of the musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Robert Weston, the zealous and indefatigable musical conductor and professional superintendent to the institute.

The audience of Tuesday night was numerous and respectable, but not quite so large as we could have wished, with a view to the perfect success of the experiment. The order of the programme was not observed in the performances—a discrepancy which ought certainly to be avoided, except in very pressing cases; the reason in the present case we are ignorant of. Most of the pieces went off well, we believe—we can speak of the later pieces—and there were numerous encores. Mr. Surman, the skilful and respected conductor of the admirable choral concerts at Exeter Hall, was present during a short portion of the concert; and he expressed to the writer his satisfaction with the pieces which he heard.

THE SECOND CONCERT.—THURSDAY.

The principal feature in the programme for this evening was the selections from *I Puritani*, with the melodical and concerted beauties of which the singers are thoroughly acquainted. The quartetto, "A te o cara," was beautifully given. Aria, "Qui la voce," by Madame Grisi, was given with tender and passionate earnestness—the perfect realization of trembling and apprehensive love. The two Lablaches gave the duet "Il rival salvar," with powerful energy, and evidenced what fine musical acquirements and familiarity with each other's style can do in conjoint execution. Quartet, "Son vergin vezzosa," was agreeably and accurately sung. These selections, with several preceding ones, which we have not named, constituted the first part. The second part was more especially calculated (with some few exceptions) to exhibit the comic powers of the accomplished vocalists engaged. It opened with that most amusing piece of ridicule and banter from *Cenerentola*, "Un segreto d'importanza," in which the roguish valet, Dandini, having assumed the character of the prince *pro tem.*, raises the extravagant hopes of the pompous old baron by visions of splendour, and then

drives him to despair by the discovery of the jest. Signor Lablache was mighty in his helplessness, and convulsed the house with laughter. Dandini was worthily given by F. Lablache. Mr. Benedict and Mr. John Pickering played a duet for two pianofortes, by Thalberg, in excellent style. The subject is from *Norma*, and the treatment according to the modern style of the pianoforte compositions, to the due performance of which first-rate executive talent is necessary. Both performers executed their task to admiration, and were loudly applauded. "Tu Vedrai" exhibited Mario in one of those graceful romanzas which so admirably befit him. Pathos and sentiment pervade the song, and these Mario delivered with exquisite beauty. He was enthusiastically encouraged, and he then gave the fascinating air, "Com' è gentil," the peculiar staccato vocal accompaniment being good-naturedly given by Grisi and the two Lablaches. This had been received on the previous evening with the most rapturous applause, and it was a pleasing trait to see them so ready and thoughtful in volunteering, as it were, perhaps the most favourably received piece of the two concerts. There was all but a second encore; but this was repressed by the better feeling of the audience. We have been informed that, had the encore been persisted in, Mario would have sung Beethoven's exquisite cantata, "Adelaida," which would certainly have been one of the brightest gems in this collection of musical excellencies. The duet, "Oh, guardate che figura," was encored amidst shouts of laughter and applause. There were several other encores besides those we have named; and this thrice agreeable concert concluded with the national anthem, the chorus being taken by the singing classes, who may now say that they have had the honour of singing with four of the first singers of the day. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Seymour for his admirable leading of the band, and he was ably supported by Mr. W. Lindley. There were two glees performed as choruses by the choir. Both were creditably given; but it is questionable how far it is judicious to intermingle such primitive efforts as those of the singing classes, with performances in which all the refinements of the vocal art, in their utmost perfection, are brought into requisition. Where concerts of this high class are given by the institute, the performances of the classes should be withheld; they not only suffer much, but unduly, by the comparison, and the interest felt in them is, for the moment, diminished.

We are sorry to believe that this most laudable experiment will not be successful in a pecuniary sense.

Opening of the New Organ

IN THE CHURCH AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

This magnificent instrument, the gift of Edward Brown, Esq., of the Firs, was opened on Friday last, the 19th inst., by Dr. Gauntlett, when morning service was performed by a full and efficient choir. The psalm tunes and chants were sung in union, and had a very fine effect. On the Sunday, two full cathedral services were performed, Dr. Gauntlett again presiding at the organ. On the Monday following, a selection from the works of Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, and Mendelssohn, was played by the Doctor; after which came the trial performances of the candidates, nine of whom exhibited in turn. Of these, Dr. Gauntlett selected three as

the best; and as the election of one of them as organist now depends on interest, not on musical ability, we leave the trio in the hands of the committee, only adding that one of them, Mr. Oldham, played Bach's pedal fugue in G minor in very excellent style.

The organ, of which a description follows, is built by the celebrated Hill, at a cost of 1000 guineas. It is very complete, and the tone is throughout remarkably fine. Indeed it is undoubtedly the most splendid instrument in the country.

Great Organ (CC to F)	20 Stops.
Swell Organ (CC to F)	18 do.
Choir Organ (CC to F)	10 do.
Pedal Organ (CCC to D)	6 do.
Copulas	8 do.

Total.. 62

GREAT ORGAN.

Pipes	Pipes
1 Bourdon CCC 12	12 Tierce 54
2 Tenoroon Diapason 42	13 Sesquialtra 162
3 Open Diapason 54	14 Mixture 162
4 Open Diapason 54	15 Doublette 108
5 Stop Diapason (Bass) 12	16 Tenoroon Trumpet 42
6 Stop Diapason (Treble) 42	16 Octave of Double Trumpet or Shawm 12
7 Quint 54	17 Possaune 54
8 Principal 54	18 Clarion 54
9 Tenth 54	19 Octave Clarion 54
10 Twelfth 54	20 Walde Flute 42
11 Fifteenth 54	

SWELL ORGAN.

Pipes	Pipes
1 Bourdon 12	11 Echo Dulciana Corne 210
2 Tenoroon Dulciana 42	5 ranks 42
3 Open Diapason 54	12 Dulciana (Echo) 42
4 Stop Diapason (Bass) 12	13 Swabe Flute 42
5 Stop Diapason (Treble) 42	14 Flageolet 42
6 Principal 54	15 Cornopean 54
7 Twelfth 54	16 Tenoroon Trumpet 42
8 Fifteenth 54	17 Oboe 54
9 Sesquialtra and Tierce 162	18 Clarion 54
10 Mixture 108	

CHOIR ORGAN.

Pipes	Pipes
1 Open Diapason or Sacral 54	6 Fifteenth 54
2 Stop Diapason (Bass) 12	7 Oboe Flute 42
3 Claribel (Treble) 42	8 Stop'd Flute 42
4 Viol de Gambe 42	9 Piccolo 42
5 Principal 54	10 Cremona 42

PEDAL ORGAN.

Pipes	Pipes
1 Grand Open Bourdon 27	5 Larigot, 8ve Fifteenth and Sesquialtra, in all 135
2 Grand Bourdon 27	6 Grand Trombone 27
3 Principal 27	
4 Fifteenth 27	

8 Copulas.

7 Composition Pedals.

One of the composition pedals brings the great organ on to the *swell* keys, as long as pressed down by the foot: its principal use is to produce sudden bursts without taking the hands from the manual when playing on the swell.

Beethoven.

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

An attempt to describe my feelings, caused by perusing the account of the Beethoven inauguration at Bonn, where (after suffering the greatest musician of his or any age, to depart this valley of sorrows, for God knows his own blessed

home, *neglected, unpitied*, and, certainly, at the time of his death, *uncomprehended*!!) they crowned their harsh and accursed cruelty to him when living, with the climax to their disgrace—a monument when dead. What can heighten, however, the dishonour of those among his present worshippers, who refused to acknowledge his wonderful genius while he breathed, more than the fact of their having lost all trace of the site where his remains were deposited? What can create so enormous, so everlasting a reproach? Hear this, Schindler, hear this, Moscheles. Shade of Ries, where wert thou? Germany! Eternal shame be on thee!—

He

Was one on whom the hand of God had set
A mark indefinite; yet so divine,
And so indelible, that it raised him
Far from the level of his fellow man.
One whom all bounteous Heaven did inspire
With such ennobling and high thought, and sprung
From its exalted source; that it drew him
Nigher th' eternal seat from whence they came.
One who within himself could aye create
Such countless inexhaustless pleasures—and
Who held sweet converse with unearthly shapes,
Who breath'd into his mind its noblest thoughts:
Aiding in giving birth to those great works,
That soon or late must launch a name like his
Into the bay of immortality.
Peopling his mind with images, that none
But him could see—with spirit forms that were
Rais'd by his wishings—he was one plac'd forth
Front of the vulgar herd, who gaz'd on him
Perchance with admiration, yet who ne'er
Gave to his genius aught but empty praise;
Empty because uncar'd for, and unsought:
Some, too, not even that—so slow to own,
To welcome—and much more to cherish one
Whose genius is beyond his age, is man!—
Oh! he was one who truly should have won
The world's hard earn'd and short enjoy'd store
Quicker and smoother than the serf who tills
The span of ground that constitutes his all.
But yet, like him, how frequent 'tis, that he,
After th' unceasing struggle of a life
Wasted in its pursuit—in vain his works
(Born from the mighty brain that hath been crush'd
Beneath the cruel strife) both far and wide
Trumpeted forth on all the mighty notes
And wings of Fame—works that, surrounding man,
Views with astonishment, delight, and yet,
I say, how frequently it happens, that
He is borne down by pressure of cold want,
Till memory grows dim—the mind doth fail;
The cheek doth blanch, and grow attenuate;
The heart doth sicken, and the sight doth flee;
The form doth waste, till life is but a jest.
And he, the wreck of what he was before,
Sinks to the grave unheeded. And, perhaps,
After the sleep of years, some future age
May from its stupor wake—from very shame
Raise some vast monumental shrine to him
It had denied, some few short years before,
Its *slightest* aid—which, if afforded then,
Might have redeem'd his well nigh subdu'd heart
(Which was not fit, nor made, to cope with grief)
From that most bitter of all deaths—to die
By Want's cold finger freezing up the blood—
(That iciness, that drives away all thought—
Save from its own misfortunes)—and perchance
Some endless line of pilgrimage is form'd
Of crowds of "noble" worshippers, and belike
Many among them too there be, who erst
Turn'd a deaf ear unto his friendless fate
And yielded then no tribute to his name:
Yet now, who echo but the common cry,
And laud him to the skies, who now doth lie
Heedless of passing things, in that cold earth
Where their most hard neglect hath laid him.

Of such an one as this, oh! ye should be
Tender and careful, as ye would be o'er
That which ye prize the most, forget not too
His is a mind that cannot well survive
The world's neglect—and one in which his God
Tempers each feeling so, it doth not seek,
Save in His Heav'n, its daily sustenance
Breathing this earth—'tis almost life in Heav'n!
And how then can ye think that he is fit
To fight the world's harsh fight—and toil and mould
Like one of us

Oh! ye should guard him as ye would yourselves—
For where that he is gone, with him will die
All the imaginings that his gifted mind
Might have created—had he longer liv'd—
And giv'n unto the world! but by his death
Lost—gone—for ever!

Sept. 1845.

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and notes!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XXXIX.

MUSIC FOR THE MULTITUDE.

I was the other morning looking over a collection of excellent fables from the German, when the following arrested my attention:—

THE CRICKET AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

"I assure you," said the Cricket to the Nightingale, "that my songs are not wanting in admirers." "Name them to me," said the Nightingale. "The industrious reapers" answered the Cricket, "listen to me with delight; and that they are the most useful part of mankind, you will not dispute with me."

"I will not dispute it," said the Nightingale; "but for that very reason you have no cause to be proud of their approbation. Industrious folks who have all their thoughts upon their work, cannot have much time to cultivate the finer sensations. Do not pride yourself upon your melody, till the careless shepherd, who himself plays sweetly on the flute, listens to you with silent rapture."

The moral of the above little fable is one which many may take to heart and study with advantage. The temporary praise of a large body of the uneducated is too often accepted as the only true homage to genius, and thus the mere tyro in art, by carefully confining himself to the circle in which he is admired, may often so far exalt himself in his own estimation that he shall begin to look upon real genius as an unnecessary encumbrance, and, like the Cricket in the fable we have just read, really begin to argue the point with his superiors. The cause of this, however, rests not with the Crickets, but with the Nightingales.

In considering the state of music in the present day, I have long been convinced that the general diffusion of it amongst the people is the only mode by which it can be altered from a mere exclusive privilege for the few, to an intellectual enjoyment for the many. It must however be understood that I do not wish to infer from this that all those composers who succeed in gaining the public ear for a short time, are the very best persons to lay the foundation for this universal enjoyment. In my opinion, they are merely to be tolerated as useful in teaching the public to listen to music at all, just as the cheerful chirping of the Cricket might prepare the minds of the uneducated reapers for the delicious tones of the Nightingale.

I am continually told that the masses are really too ignorant on the subject of music to judge of any good composition, and that, consequently, works of art must be kept for those who are sufficiently educated to appreciate them. Let us examine into this argument. Granted that the people are ignorant;—is this any reason why they are to continue so, in order that we may have the pleasure of despising their opinion on art whenever we hear it expressed? If they are incapable of understanding really intellectual music, should we not give them compositions which shall gradually lead them to the enjoyment from which they are at present debarred? Are we justified in withholding the sweet song of the Nightingale, for the purpose of laughing at those who can be amused by the simple Cricket?

The truth is that good music requires but to be often heard to be appreciated; and, if we studiously prevent the masses from

hearing it, we have no right to blame them for their ignorance. Jullien's polkas are good as polkas, and Musard's quadrilles are good as quadrilles—the public enjoy them, and they are very much in the right of it. If we still insist upon it that they shall have no other music to listen to, the fault rests not with Jullien, Musard, or the public, but with the exclusive musician, who, whilst he revels in the poetical inspirations of Beethoven, prefers to pity the uneducated taste of the public, instead of doing his utmost to assist in educating it.

As we have taken the little German fable at the commencement of our article for our text, let us endeavour to carry out the idea which is there shadowed forth.

The Nightingale, who prides himself upon the beauty of his song, so despises the ignorance of the industrious reapers, whom he sees vulgarly working in the fields, that he instantly takes flight, and betakes himself to the trees under which the luxurious and rich are wont to roam in the pursuit of their several gratifications. Here he finds that his talent is duly estimated, and he sings with pleasure, whilst the crowd beneath are lost in admiration and astonishment.

Meantime, in the meadows where the reapers are pursuing their daily labours, the chirping of the common Cricket has many times arrested their attention, and having nothing else to enliven them, and, moreover, never having heard the superior song of the Nightingale, they shortly find enjoyment in listening to it. The little chirper, in the mean time, seeing that he is really amongst persons who are not sufficiently educated to look upon him with contempt, immediately conceives a very good opinion of himself, and chirps away accordingly very much to his own satisfaction, and very much to the satisfaction of those who attend to him.

This, of course, is an extreme case, and one which could never occur, inasmuch as the song of the wandering Nightingale is freely given to all who wander near her temporary abode;—yet, extreme as it appears, it is a fair representation of the state of music at the present time.

Whilst no place exists where the finest compositions can be heard by all classes, for a sum within their means, it is a matter of course that those persons who undertake to supply them with inferior specimens, should at once become the idols of the public. The truth is, that they will have music of some kind, and if dignity in the art can only be preserved, like game, by fairly forbidding the common people from approaching it, let those who can feast upon it to satiety, at least do so without laughing at the coarse fare of their less fortunate brethren. The really intellectual mind is ever that which sympathises with the minds of others, and as true poetry is universal, so does the true poet seek his own gratification by drawing within his magic influence all who surround him. Beethoven was as much a people's composer as Shakspeare was a people's author; and, if we have now begun to erect statues to his memory, we should also begin to reflect, whether the immortal legacy which he has bequeathed to us, has yet been applied to its proper purpose.

Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Liverpool, September 20, 1845.

Dear Sir,

Some time ago, when steam power on the Mersey was not so great as it now is, I frequently saw trials made of the relative speed of the packets which belonged to Ferries, somewhat in the same direction from this town. It often occurred that a boat overtook and came up gallantly abreast of another which had slightly less power; but if it came within a few inches only abreast of its opponent, its superior power was arrested, and an interchange of some small advantage was then shared equally by both, like the librations of the two extremes of scale beam which is nicely adjusted. When the fleet boat was sheered off, beyond the sphere of the attraction which had equalised their relative process, it again resumed its expected superiority.

In the packet boat where I was, in one of these occasions, there was a wiseacre named Tom. Now this Tom was gifted with the not uncommon ability "to build up tabernacles in his brains," and to teach others about which he himself knew next to nothing. In short, Tom thought of himself as of an oracle; and Tom's shipmates were much of the same opinion. Among the chiefest of Tom's admirers, was a fellow who rejoiced in the name of Bill. As, on this occasion, the superior packet bore away to resume her superior speed, Bill approached Tom, and said "tell me, Tom, how is it, that when th' Abbey was cloose to uz, hoo duddn't make no way afore uz; and now, that hoo has sheered off, hoo bates us like winkin'?" Tom, who had been ruminating upon the phenomenon, began to stimulate his organ of constructiveness, and the certain other organs thereunto related.

After Tom had scraped the contents of his cranium into proper trim he said "Bill, when th' packets cums cloose, a soort of a vackihum comes atwixt um, as makes um stick to one another;" and making certain pokings with his right thumb, with corresponding twists of his weather-beaten countenance, he said, "Duz tha understand, Bill?" Bill, who was an out-an-outer in his wish to be equal in sound-learning with his friend Tom, manipulated his organ of wistfulness, as if he wished he might understand it, and said, "Oh! aye! yes! Tom, that's plain enough;" and he hitched up his trowsers, turned his quid, and walked off. Very fortunately, Bill had so unmercifully disturbed the nether part of his cranium, that, being restless, he returned, and said, "tell me, Tom, what is a vackihum?" Tom was somewhat posed for the moment; but judging, very properly, that all his mental powers must be brought into play, he commenced an attack upon his scone with his two sets of fingers. Nothing failing in his reliance upon his not uncommon skill in tabernacle building, he next closed the fingers of his right hand, poked out his thumb in almost all directions, accompanied by as many winkings with his peepers and distortions of his phiz, and he said, "tha sez, Bill, a vackihum's a soort of a — it's a soort of a thing, Bill, duz tha see?—it's a soort of a thing as cums atwixt the packets, when they cums cloose, and howds um to one another, somehow: and, finally, poking his thumb over his left shoulder, he said, "Duz tha see, Bill, duz tha see? Poor Bill, ashamed to confess his ignorance of the precise meanings of his monitor's gesticulations and grimace, replied, "oh! aye! yes! I siz that well enough." Tom, relieved from the necessity for any further explanation, said "well, that's it."

Those who think well of Tom's philosophy and the clearness of his arguments, will be much pleased with their counterpart, which I transcribe from the last few lines of Mr. Clare's letter. This (?) will prove the tones to be perfectly equal to each other, and the diatonic semitones equal in themselves also. When THIS (?) is done, you will be convinced that F sharp is a lower sound than G flat (!) and G sharp a lower sound than A flat (?) FIGURES (?) will THEN (?) prove the difference to be exactly a quarter-tone, and THIS accounts (?) for the enharmonic change being so harmonious, yet so sudden; whereas, OTHERS (?) bears but a FRACTIONAL and COMPOUND-FRACTIONAL (?) PART of the SAME! Persons who cannot understand Tom's philosophy and Tom's arguments, so readily as did his friend Bill, will have some difficulty to understand WHAT it is which has proved the co-equality of Mr. Clare's tones, and of his diatonic semitones amongst themselves;—what has been DOSE to show that F sharp and G sharp are different sounds to G flat and A flat;—what kinds of FIGURES are to show that these differences amount to an impossibility, and WHEN;—WHAT is it which ACCOUNTS for the (foolishly called) enharmonic change being so harmonious and yet so sudden;—WHAT THINGS, not named, mostly bear but a fractional and compound-fractional part of another THING, not named;—how Mr. Clare has ventured to hit at all about THINGS ARITHMETICAL;—how the mighty mind of Mr. Clare has marched so far beyond the bounds of prudence as to propose a scale which cannot be sung, and whose intonations cannot be realized at all, by himself, nor by any one else, except by the weights which I have proposed, or by a tube, graduated for that especial purpose,—and how he has been silly enough to venture his opinions in support of a doctrine which has been six months ago proved to be fallacious, and of which he seems to know about as much as any mere Cheshire man knows about Cherokee.

Mr. Clare has insinuated that my Lord Nine-twenty-oneths has scaled the fence of his preserves. Unfortunately for his witticisms, Mr. Clare has claimed for his own, a property in which he has only a compound-fractional part; and having, in the excess of his wagery, placed there some property of his lordship's in a situation with which his lordship was not much delighted, his lordship has taken the law into his own hands, and has destroyed the nuisance of which the said Mr. Clare has wantonly claimed the sole proprietorship. Mr. Clare has been inconvenienced by an alleged attempt of your Leicester correspondent to put a tube into his mouth. From the remarks which that gentleman has made, I am almost persuaded that he feels sorry that he has not offered him the alternative of wearing upon his head, a kind of cap with which unpromising school-boys are occasionally bedizened.

Your's truly,
J. MOLINEUX.

Foreign Intelligence.

"Le Monde Musical de Paris."

OPERA.—The receipts at the Academy Royal have seldom been greater; the treasurer is happy, and the public con-

tented. The performance of *Guillaume Tell* on Wednesday ought never to be forgotten. Duprez was magnificent in the character of Arnold; he sang with a power and sweetness worthy of his best days, yet on that evening, 'tis said he was, and had reason to be, in very bad humor. The bills had announced that Portehaut was to perform the part of Guillaume—at the moment of Duprez's entrance on the stage, however, instead of Portehaut, he found a *debutant*, one M. Beauce, who had been engaged the same morning, and who made his debut without any other preparation than a mere reading over his part with the prompter, and at which Duprez could not assist, as he was unaware of any alteration in the cast. It could then safely be said that Duprez sung in anger—but anger certainly inspired him, and he revenged himself on the managerial negligence by his triumphant success; at the fall of the curtain he was recalled with acclamations—the *claqueurs* had a sinecure, for the public were enthusiastic and required no leaders. The *debutant*, Beauce, will carry back to Liege, where he is engaged, the souvenir of the homage paid to the great artist by whose side he had the honor of figuring. Figuring, by the bye, appears to us a very suitable word to convey to our readers the impression made by the debut of M. Beauce. This baritone possesses a variety of attitudes and a peculiarity of arm which could be usefully employed in the leadership of groups, for placed at their head he would infallibly attract attention. He would make a very useful "first lord," "a perfect soldier," "a delicious drunkard," "an attractive villager"—in a word, a highly distinguished utility; we do not even doubt but that at Liege he would make a highly respectable singer—at all events they would not let him make his debut, as at Paris, without, at least, one rehearsal. The arrangements for the farewell benefit of Massol are progressing. The re-appearance of Mlle. Plunkett is announced, which has been delayed in consequence of an injury she received in the knee, since her return from London;—these injuries in the knee are veritable nuisances to our charming *danseuses*. Donizetti is much improved in health. Balfe has returned to Paris, and is hard at work on his new opera. The great card, however, is to be an opera by M. Mermet, *Le Roi David*—the rehearsals have commenced, and the representations will take place at the end of October; great interest is manifested in this work, and a brilliant career is predicted for the composer. Mlle. Julianne has made her second debut in the character of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, and having more command over herself she obtained a complete success at the commencement, which was prolonged to the end of the opera. We congratulate M. Pillet on his acquisition, which we are sure will be profitable to him. We have heard several amateur critics, after eulogising Mlle. Julianne, enquire who was her instructor, and on hearing him to be a professor but little known, their enthusiasm was considerably modified: verily, the Parisians are somewhat fantastical—they will never believe there can be talent unless it has been *puffed*; even the least prejudiced of them never fail to laud the natural good qualities and happy organization of the pupil, and at the same time decry the bad system of the instructor. Nevertheless, Mlle. Julianne sang most excellently the beautiful duet in the third act; the cantabile was beautifully managed, and the difficult allegro brought down considerable applause. And what said our Parisians? "Oh! her voice is naturally flexible and sweet—she has not to thank her instructor for those qualifications. She was born with them!" But when any defect appeared in her intonation, or she did not quite come up to their standard of excellence in her execution of

certain passages, the poor instructor was brought on the carpet, and his back made to bear the burden. We deprecate this injustice—besides, M. Maillot is a disciple of the right school; he studied under Choron; and, after all, we have not yet seen the *Conservatoire*, which is rich enough in good voices, bring pupils often forward capable of obtaining at the Opera an equal success to Mlle. Julianne, both as a singer and an actress, with only *two years* study. What Mlle. Julianne now requires is to hear all the best artistes; she must go often to the *Italiens* to hear the best singers, and to the *Français* to see Rachel; she must observe, meditate, think, and one day she will be a distinguished artiste.

OPERA-COMIQUE.—*Marie* still pleases the public, and when followed by *L'Eau Marveilleuse*, attracts good audiences. *Sarah*, if repeated, we are sure would attract considerably, and M. Basset, who knows how to appreciate good music, should immediately announce it for representation. It would be an encouragement for Grisar, and a pleasure for the public. *La Charbonniere* is soon to be shelved, and we are then to have the piece, in three acts, by M. Waer, music by M. Boisselot, who has been some years waiting an opportunity to be heard.

ITALIENS.—The season commences on the 2nd of October. The following artistes are engaged—Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, T. Brambilla, Librandi, Ernesta Grisi, Amigo, Bellini, Grimaldi; MM. Lablache, Mario, Ronconi, Déryvis, Malvezzi, Corelli, Tagliafichi, Deffori. We are assured that M. Vatel intends to give the *dilettanti* a brilliant season. Besides the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the old masters, several novelties will be produced, and the successful works of last season will be brought forward. One piece of advice we beg to give the director, which is, not to wait, as is generally the case, till the end of the season before he produces his novelties, because there is then no time left to hear and judge of their merit.

MADAME DORUS has created a great sensation by her performance of the Lucie of Donizetti, at Rouen. The stage was covered with bouquets, which were showered down from all parts of the house for the talented singer.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA has ordered a representation of *Antigone* to take place at the royal residence at Potsdam, for the purpose of hearing the music written to it by Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

SIENNE.—Doehler gave a concert lately for the benefit of the poor of Sienne, which was patronised and attended by the Grand Ducal Court. He played his fantasias on *Sappho* and *I Lombardi*, with great applause. He leaves here for Vienna, and thence proceeds to St. Petersburg.

Miscellaneous.

LEFFLER and Miss BETTS are enacting *Steady and Gillian*, in the musical farce of the *Quaker*, at the Surrey Theatre.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE opens for the season on Monday next, Oct. 6. The enterprising lessee has re-engaged the talented James Wallack and all the favourites of last season, and has also entered into arrangements with the eminent tragedian, Macready, who will make his first appearance in London these three years, on Monday, Oct. 13. Mlle. Nau from the Académie Royal, Paris, is engaged, with a host of celebrities from Lisbon, Madrid, Milan, and Paris. Three new operas by *English composers* (Edward Loder, Howard Glover, and George Alexander Macfarren) are announced, so that if activity and industry are to ensure success, Mr. Maddox will certainly reap a bountiful harvest.

THE TALENTED MADAME HENNELLE has had the honour of singing at Eu before the King and Queen of the French. Their majesties expressed their approbation most graciously, and presented her, through General Athalin, with a magnificent brooch.

MR. F. W. HORNCastle (gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal) has been giving his Irish entertainments with great success in the *New World*. His late visits to Newport and Providence have been highly remunerative. The *Newport Press*, and the *Daily Transcript*, (Providence paper) speak very highly of him.

HENRY PHILLIPS has been giving his new entertainment, "Adventures in America," at Northampton with success.

AN OPERA, in one act, (1) is about to be produced at the Opera Comique, Paris. The music by M. J. Bazin, and libretto, by the clever M. Mélesville, whose name alone will guarantee its success.

MORIANI, the celebrated tenor, is at present in Paris, from whence he proceeds to Florence to meet his family, and mourn over the loss of an attached wife and mother, thence to Madrid, to fulfil his engagement in that capital.

LA IBERIA MUSICAL of Madrid, mentions with enthusiasm the representation of Verdi's opera of *Ernani*, at the Theatre de la Cruz, and speaks very highly of a new baritone, Ferri, who sung the beautiful andante in the second act most deliciously, and was encored vociferously.

ALEXANDER LEE, the popular composer, has been appointed musical director and composer to the *Royal Olympic Theatre*, which opens under the management of Miss Kate Howard, on Monday, October the 6th, with a new drama by E. L. Blanchard, a farce, to introduce Mr. James Browne, and a new mythological burletta by W. L. Rede. George Wild is the acting manager, and Greisbach the leader of the orchestra.

THE DISTINS gave a morning and evening concert at Scarborough on the 24th of September, which were crowded, particularly in the evening, by the first families. The encores were numerous. Next week this talented family give concerts at Selby, Huddersfield, Halifax, Barnsby, and Rotherham, the week following at Stafford, Rugby, Newcastle under Line, Hanley Longton, and the week after at Liverpool, Lichfield, and Derby. They purposed leaving England for Germany the beginning of October, but their numerous engagements will prevent their doing so till November.

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